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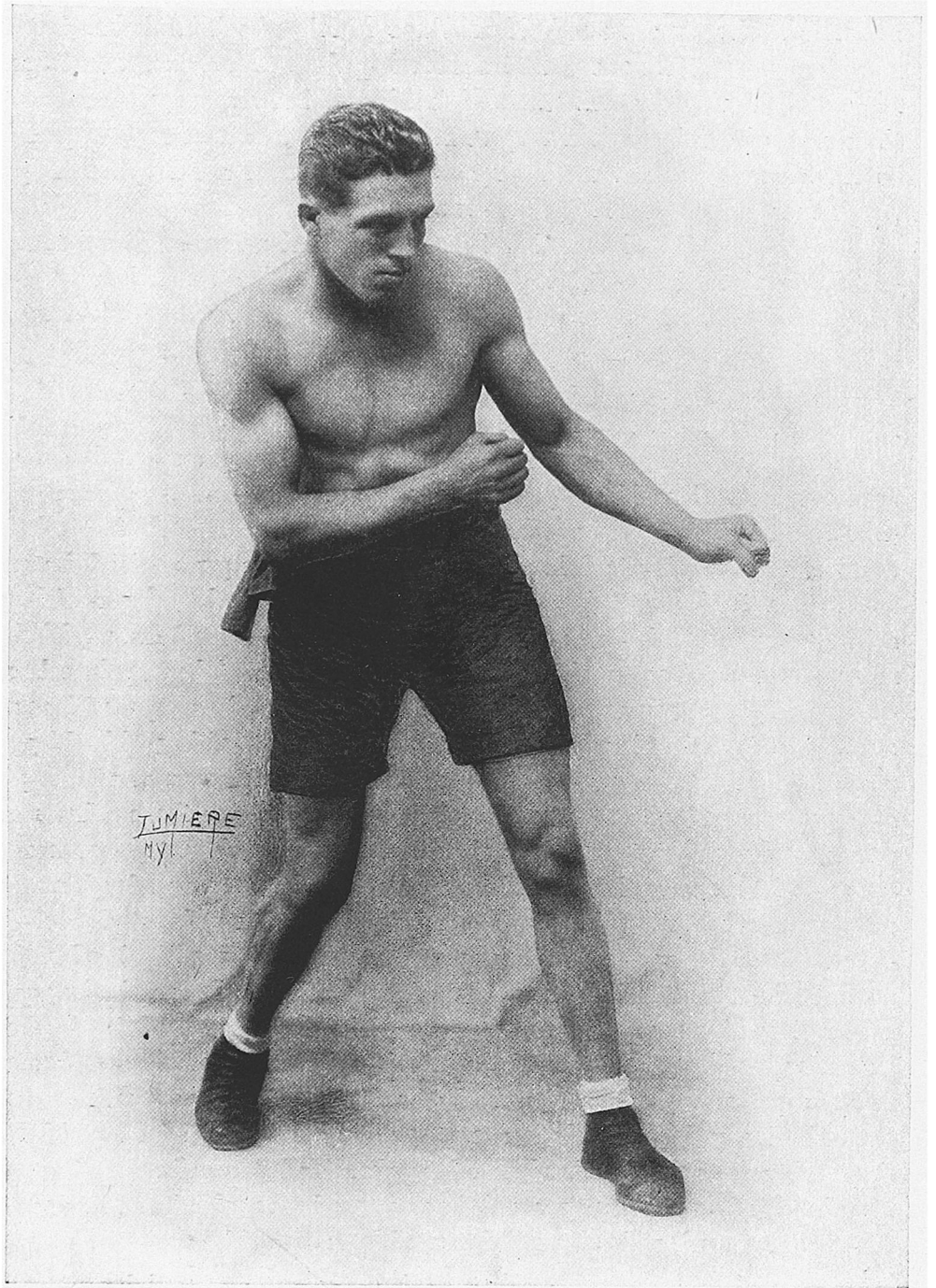
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Ted (Kid) Lewis

his dignity and detachment to the last, for he, too, is a master, though not of Britton. He must have passed an instructive evening with this great master who was on that occasion at the height of his prowess. White took the decision without a passing shade of resentment; he hardly noticed it, but turned his back as though he knew well enough what it would be. And he may have thought that anyway it did not count since he had given weight and gone outside his class.



Ted Lewis

THERE is a difference between boxers here and in England; in England a boxer is looked upon as a professional, but there is greater respect shown them here. They make an idol of a boxer overnight in this country," says Ted Lewis. "I started boxing when I was thirteen and four years later I won the English featherweight championship, and the Lonsdale belt, but I soon became too heavy for that class, as also for the lightweights."

"Speed is what I bank on," Ted Lewis said, "not only speed in punching, but speed of thought, of eye, to make my opponent do what I want him to do. I have no particular punch or any other stunt in my work that may be said to stand out, except that I am supposed to be an extremely fast and puzzling man to deal with. It is not hard to knock a man out who is puzzled—it does not take a terrific punch to do it—when a man is rattled he is already half knocked out. Some of my success I attribute as much to that as to the fact that I possess a 'kick' in both hands. I can fight with the right hand and foot out or the left hand and foot out, but to place the right hand out is a more dangerous operation because it leaves you more exposed. In fact, I punch with the hand that is nearest my opponent and from any position I may happen to be in at the instant. Duffy, for instance, I knocked out with a left hand hook and Trendall with a straight right. I am not bragging of these things, I only mention them to explain that part of my tactics is to outguess and rattle my man; as

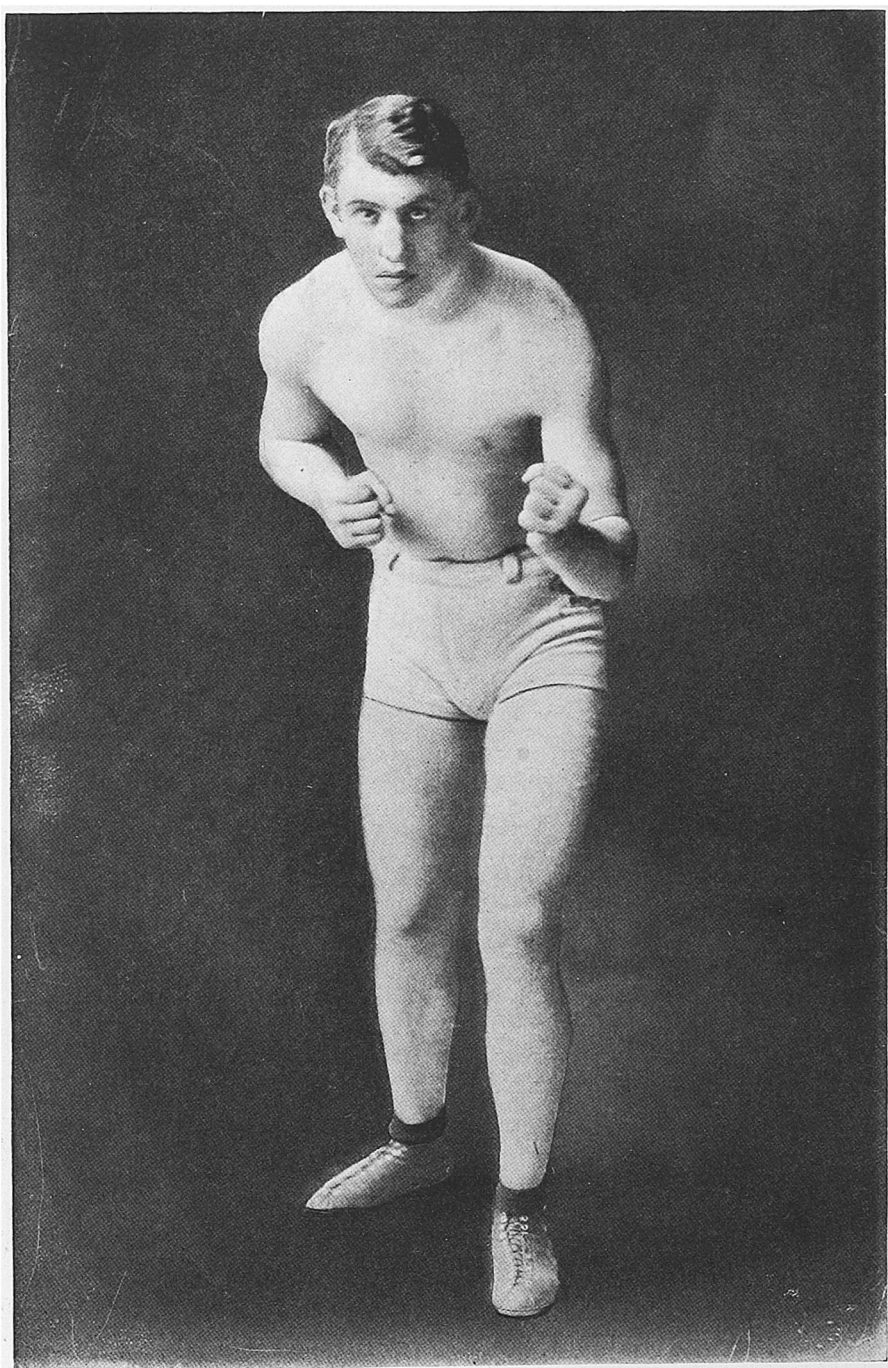
I said, it is half the battle. I consider Kilbane the greatest fighter in the country, and that mainly because of his speed."

Having mentioned Freddie Welsh, the world's lightweight champion, he told me, "When a man gets a championship you can't pry it away from him with a jimmy. That is the great defect of championships. I chased Welsh out of England trying to get a fight, but the conditions he laid down made it impossible."

"Lewis is a freak as to weight and build," said Mr. James Johnston, his manager, "he's clumsy in the upper parts and thin in the legs, and he can fight just as easily at 138 pounds as at 148. It shows what proper training will do, too. There's enough of the brute in him to make a good fighter, but he's very clever; it's a treat to watch him inside the ropes."

He has been called clumsy, or clumsy-looking, but I have seen Ted Lewis fight and do not consider him so; his thorax is like an inverted bell on a pair of tong-handles, and he looks odd in certain positions when in repose, but the moment he gets into action the oddities vanish; he could dodge a bullet, one thinks, to watch him in the ring, quick and light on his feet, his arms in five places at once, like a pair of squibs bewilderingly run amuck; to see him feinting, blocking, side-stepping, running "under," using both hands from any angle to cross, jab, uppercut, hook, or as straight lefts or rights, at a mile-a-minute clip most of the time, and clinching only when necessary—at such a moment there is nothing queer about him, one gets only the sense of live, sculptural lines. It is true that he dances too much, perhaps through sheer excess of joy in superior speed; when he fought Britton sometime ago, Britton was given the newspaper decision. I could not see it that way. Britton was fooled often enough, deftly enough, and in a manner so humorous that it was a treat; he would suddenly be given openings, and as suddenly cheated out of them, so that he rather looked like a novice, to my way of thinking. I believe some reporters are against dancing, whether effectual or ineffectual, in the ring; they mistake science for a determination not to be imposed upon, and for a certain air of restraint; I like to see the staid, respectable magician winning through superior knowledge and bearing over a shifty adversary, but he does not always win.

R. C.



Courtesy of The Boxing Record

"Battling" Levinsky